

The Evening World.

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CENTRAL PARK.

CENTRAL PARK, the city's beauty spot and pride, is like the giraffe at the Zoo—a rare possession, but extremely delicate, difficult and costly to maintain. Its proper guardians are liable to commit errors in its care, and the outside public, especially the children, are always hanging around, trying to ruin its health by throwing junk and trash into the cage. It is necessary to bear in mind constantly the fact that Central Park is an artificial creation and must be coddled—not a husky natural growth that can take care of itself and thrive on neglect.

The Park has a new keeper in the person of Mr. Lay, the "landscape architect," who replaces Commissioner Stover. Mr. Stover labored under the impression that the big oasis in his charge was meant primarily as a training camp for boy scouts. He had not as yet turned the Croton reservoir into swimming baths, nor organized shooting matches on the Mall—but time would have worked wonders under his regime if it had been permitted to continue. Mr. Lay's idea seems to be that the park is for the whole community, grownups as well as children, and that trees have a right to grow there for the sake of ornament and shade, even if no swings and trapezes be suspended from their branches.

The new landscape beauty doctor has plenty of work cut out for him in doctoring the soil, trimming the trees and shrubbery and sprucing up the statuary. If in addition to this he can put in a day now and then at cleaning up the stagnant ponds and meres, so that the park and surrounding neighborhood will cease to be a public playground for mosquitoes, annals of Manhattan may some day rise up and call him blessed.

THE LAUNDRYMEN'S CONVENTION.

THE annual convention of the National Laundrymen's Association in St. Paul delegates from all parts of the union are discussing the Yellow Peril (Chinese competition), working out "educational programmes," and arranging far-seeing plans to be smoothed out in the future. There will be no washing of dirty linen in public—no frothing over of soda. On the contrary, every laundryman will endeavor to keep his buttons on. Even when all is blue in the week's wash the Association lives up to its motto: "While there's life there's soap."

Chicago is proudly honored, being the choice of the Executive Committee as the national headquarters. They were influenced by the surpassing advantages offered by the Windy City for drying clothes. New York, it is intimated, feels slighted at this choice, and has asked—in vain, there is reason to fear—for the 1912 convention. The majority of the delegates prefer Pittsburgh. There is plenty of hot water in that city—some of the millionaires are in it all the time. Moreover, Pittsburgh supplies the ideal atmosphere for laundry work. It is so sooty that the average citizen has to put on a clean shirt almost every day.

VACATION THEORIES.

HARVARD educator makes some startling observations upon the risks a toiler takes in taking his vacations. Employees who demand a rest, work themselves sick at play. They simply cannot stand the test of two weeks off with pay. In any case, a loafing spell upsets the willing slave—he might keep slaving just as well, and time and money save. This plan of hustling day and night without a pause or jar, the Harvard man declares is right, although unpopular.

So long as man is not a mule, such talk is self-deception. The truth is, rest should be the rule, and labor the exception.

Letters From the People

How Long!
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Readers, can any of you solve this problem? A flagpole is 150 feet in length, 3 feet in diameter at base, 1 inch in diameter at apex. A rope 1 inch in diameter is attached to a stake 10 feet from base of flagpole and extends diagonally from base to apex at 12-inch intervals. How long is the rope when it reaches the apex?
 C. E. K.

Wants Cars for Women.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Readers, by whose authority or orders does Capt. Bourke at the Brooklyn Bridge try to regulate the traffic there, separating the ladies from the gentlemen? It seems to me, as a citizen and taxpayer, that the B. B. T. should be compelled to run extra cars every five minutes to accommodate the ladies; as a good many of us men are standing on our feet all day and are good and tired and would like a seat when going home at night. Whereas, a good many of the ladies are sitting down all day.
 J. H. S.

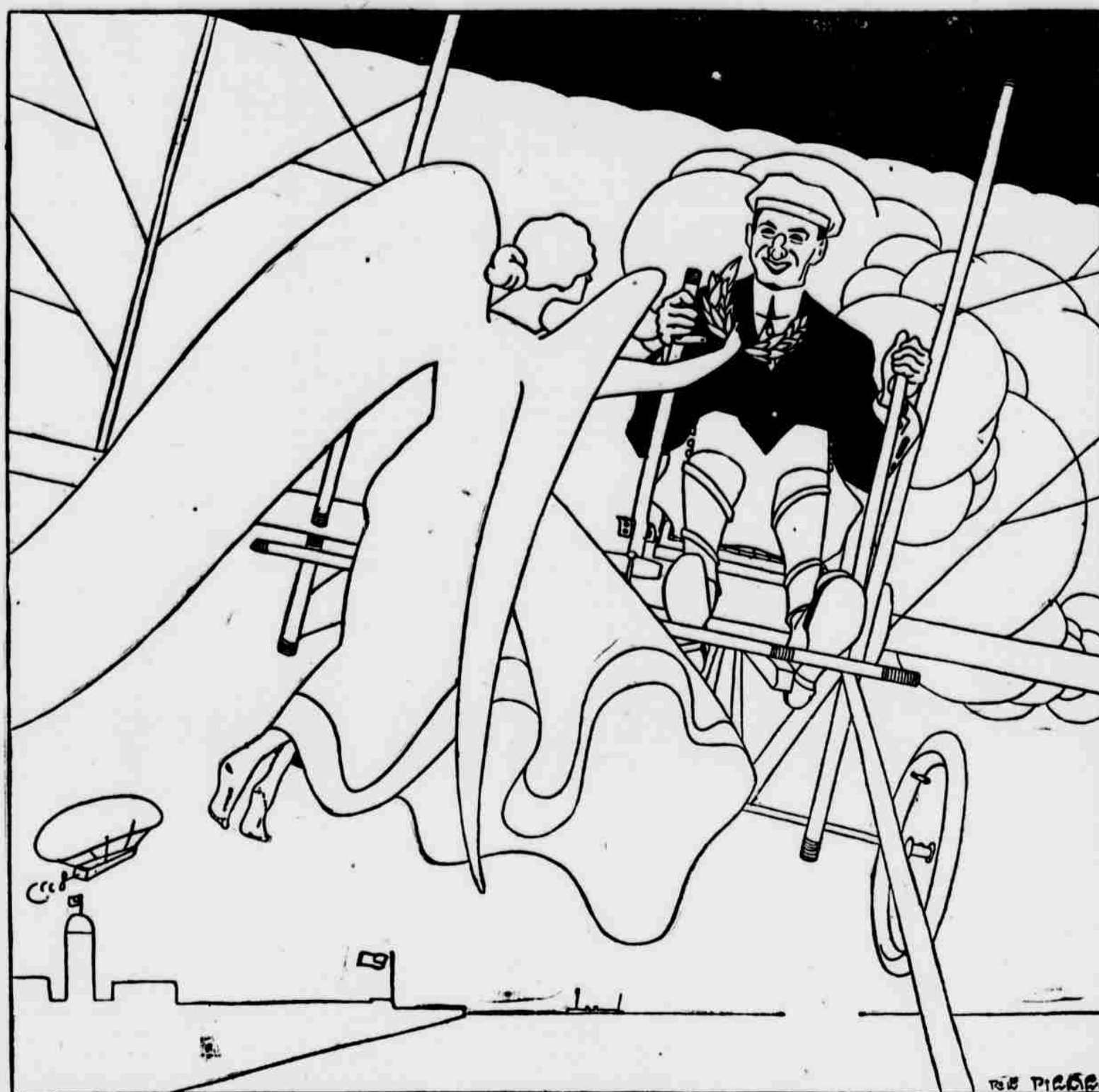
A Plan for the Chauffeurs.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 This is a plan for the much abused chauffeur. The general public think him the reckless driver of a modern juggernaut, trying to see how many lives he can take. Look at his side of the case. Children of all ages playing in the street, people jumping on and off street cars in motion, traffic rules to look out for, passengers in a hurry to get somewhere, had made him a nervous wreck.

ing everywhere, absent minded people who ought to be on the sidewalk, ladies greeting one another in the middle of the street, people who can't hear a horn unless it happens to hit them, boys and men playing ball in the street, streets torn up every which way, carriages and wagons at night without lights, women who become excited trying to get out of the way, people who believe that an auto can stop within a foot, and other things too numerous to mention. All these a chauffeur has to look out for besides running a half-of-the-time balky machine. As a class the chauffeurs are a bright and careful bunch of fellows. CHAUFFEUR.

What Profession?
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I believe that a discussion by readers on the subject of the professions and vocations that are open to the young man of today would prove an interesting topic. I myself am at this moment greatly worried and puzzled over what course I ought to pursue in life. I have been told that mining engineering is a very interesting as well as lucrative position. Medicine has also been advised (as a subject for study). Many friends have advised me to take up teaching; while still others counsel law. But all these advisers are so much at variance with one another that in the end I find myself in a most sorrowful predicament, and I am sure that any advice by one who knows would be greatly appreciated by me as well as by others who find themselves in similar predicaments.

Welcome!

By Rolf Pielke



The Jarr Family

Mrs. Jarr Is Going on a Shopping Spree. Oh, No, She Isn't, Either!

By Roy L. McCordell.

"I seems to me as though I'm never able to get my nose out of doors!" cried Mrs. Jarr poetically at the breakfast table the other morning. "You should thank your stars that you get out in the fresh air every day, and yet you are that cranky and grouchy that you do not appreciate anything!"

Mr. Jarr, who was trying to eat his maternal orange with a spoon, a classy but most unsatisfactory way to get the good from that refreshing fruit, paused so to wipe the adulterated juice that had spurted into his eye and ventured to say that the view out of the subway car window, as he sped to and from his work, was exhilarating and inspiring.

"At least you see something and somebody," rejoined Mrs. Jarr. "But as for me I've been shut up in this flat ever since Jack Silver ran away from Clara Mudridge. I might as well be in prison, only a prisoner hasn't to do the housework the girl neglects and take care of children and try to keep cheerful while a regular old crank of a husband comes home to growl and fuss about everything!"

The regular old crank of a husband answered mildly that he was sorry if he'd growled, but he had only done so on the supposition that every dog must have his day.

"Now please don't try to be funny!" cried Mrs. Jarr testily. "I can stand anything but that! Oh, dear, I wish I could get downtown to do some shopping! The children need shoes, there's hardly a dish in the house Gertrude hasn't broken, and I'm all out of everything!"

"I don't see why you can't get out for anything you want," said Mr. Jarr. "Nobody is going to steal the children, and the work will all be here after you are dead."

"That's a nice, encouraging way to talk to one!" said Mrs. Jarr. "When I'm dead! Am I to have no rest or holiday till then, while you'll be waiting for Clara Mudridge Smith's old husband to die so you can marry her? Oh, I know you!"

"If you know ME your dope is wrong!" said Mr. Jarr fervently. "Come, my dear," he added, "just you go out, if you want to, and do anything you want to."

"Well, I just AM, you needn't be advising me!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "If I stay in doors another moment I'll just have house nerves and go all to pieces!"

Fortunately I've got a woman coming to sew, and little Emma, such a domestic little thing, likes to sit around when any sewing's to be done and snip at the scraps and make dolls clothes. While she'll be out with the 'Boy Scouts' and surely I can trust Gertrude to clean up the house one day without my having to stand right over her. No, I'm going out for a breath of fresh air this day, no matter what happens!"

Just then the door bell rang and a good looking woman of middleage ushered in. "This is Mrs. LeGrand," said Mrs. Jarr to her husband, "she's been kind enough to come over from Mr. Hands and help me with some little frocks I am making for Emma, and to make over some old things of mine—for, goodness knows, I never get a new dress!"

Mr. Jarr bowed to the visiting dressmaker and Mrs. Jarr led the latter away. "I'm using the children's room as a sewing room because it's on the air shaft and the sun doesn't shine in and hurt one's eyes," she explained to the newcomer. "Besides, as I simply HAVE to run downtown, you'll find it nicer sitting here, for every sound comes up the air-shaft and it won't seem lonely to you."

"It's a dreadful thing to be lonely," said Mrs. LeGrand. "Mrs. Hangle was telling me, in confidence, of course, so you mustn't breathe it to a soul, that she had a sister living in New Jersey where it was so lonely that the sister took carbolic acid."

"That was about three years ago, wasn't it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I remember now she was wearing black, but she told me it was just because she had the black dress. What good is it to go in mourning for anybody and then keep it secret?"

"Keeping secrets!" said the sewing lady, "don't trust anybody to keep a secret! There's that Mrs. Striver, I've sewed for her and the things I know about that woman and her husband! Of course I could not breathe it for the world."

"Of course not!" said Mrs. Jarr, and waited.

Yes, the post-office authorities raided his branch office in Chicago, went on the sewing lady. "And he's worried nearly to death that he'll be arrested, too. Then Mrs. Striver has had a sister visiting her, a sister much younger than her. Of course, in my position, I see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing!"

"One has to do that, that's my way too," said Mrs. Jarr. "Yes, she's going to Nevada to get a divorce from her husband in Philadelphia, as nice a man as you'd want to meet, and guess who is paying the expenses of it?"

Mrs. Jarr moved forward to guess. But how about her going downtown? Guess if she went.

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When Dr. Scott promised to do so the ghost immediately disappeared.

Within a few days Dr. Scott went to Somersetshire, found Reginald Wallis and, without disclosing his errand, learned from the grandson that all the ghost had told him was true and that a vigorous and unswerving search had been made for the dead.

"But," said Reginald Wallis, "I dreamed last night that a stranger would come to me and assist me in the search. I do not know but that you are the man."

As this was what the doctor intended, he said he would certainly help if he could, and the two resumed the search.

In the room, and in the corner the ghost had described, they found an old chest, which they opened, though Reginald Wallis and his servant both remembered having ransacked it already. The deed was not among the papers it contained, but Dr. Scott persisted till the chest was knocked to pieces. And under a false bottom they found the dead, spread out flat.

The suit and the chest were settled by means of the deed and the ghost was never seen again.

Some Spook Stories

By David A. Curtis.

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Ghost Saves Grandson's Inheritance.

DR. SCOTT, well-known physician in London half a century ago, sat reading in his house in old Broad street, when he suddenly awoke, a stranger sitting by his bedside with him.

It proved to be the apparition of a man named Richard Wallis, a land owner in Somerset, who had been dead seven years, and with whom the doctor had no acquaintance.

The ghost told him that he had come to engage the doctor's help in a matter that concerned the welfare of his grandson, Reginald Wallis, who occupied the Somerset property, but was being sued for his possession by two cousins.

The issue of the suit, he explained, depended on the recovery of a deed concealed in an old chest, then lying in an upper room in the Wallis mansion among a quantity of old lumber, etc., which had been discarded.

This chest lay, he said, in a certain corner, and had a broken lock, with a

key that could neither be turned nor taken out. For reasons which he would not explain, the ghost said he preferred to communicate with a stranger rather than with his grandson, and he begged the doctor to go to his grandson's assistance.

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Legends of Old New York

By Alice Phebe Eldridge

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The Cohoes Lovers.

NEAR the falls of Cohoes, where the present town of Cohoes now stands, an Indian girl once had her cabin. She loved and was loved by the young Seneca chief, Oocuma, and their days were passed as the days of all young lovers are spent.

He would find and bring to her the loose quartz crystals that the Indians believed were the tears of a stricken deer; while in fine weather they would gaze on the Mohawk. There they would drift upon the current, forgetful of all else save one another. One evening they were suddenly called back to a realization of outer events by finding that they had been caught in the current of the stream and that they were being whirled swiftly toward the roaring falls.

Vainly they plied the paddle; it was too late to save themselves. Then, sitting erect in the flying canoe, they began their death song, one answering the other in clear, solemn, calm tones.

At the last word of the youthful Oocuma:

"A warrior and the daughter of a warrior come to join you in the feast of the blessed!"

The frail bark darted out over the falls.

Her Star Role.
 THE tale of actress career is a wide range of theatrical activities. The famous local actor, Colman, manager of a theatre, very fat and wearing a wig, passed upon the door.

"What do I do for you, my dear?" inquired Oocuma.

"I want you to give me a ticket to the gallery, please," said the actor.

"Why should I give you a ticket?" asked the astonished Lee.

"Cause I'm a retired actress," said the actor.

"You an actress? Where on earth did you ever act?" inquired Oocuma.

"I played in 'Attony and Cleopatra,' was the dignified reply. I was far better for Miss Fanny Davenport."

The old actor woman got her ticket for the gallery.

HOW TO START A FORTUNE

WILLIAM G. CONKLIN says:

"SAVING SHOULD BEGIN WITH THE FIRST PENNIES OF THE LITTLE TOT."
 "TO CONSERVE WASTE IS THE FOUNDATION OF A FORTUNE" IS HIS DOCTRINE.

"The spirit of saving must be inculcated into the child mind."
 "Children should be taught to make their own purchases, paying the money and realizing the transaction."
 "It is a crime for very poor people to marry."

"A girl with the right kind of education along economic lines can save more than five men."
 "Many fortunes that could be made are not, since the real value of a dollar is unrecognized."

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By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THESE are the views of William G. Conklin, president of the Franklin Savings Bank. This man speaks with the experience of that which he advocates. He himself learned the need of saving very early and has inculcated the propensity for the observation of needless waste in his children and grandchildren.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

"If the spirit of saving is not very early imbedded it remains dormant, asleep as it were, and it is with difficulty aroused in later years," said Mr. Conklin when I asked him as to his views on how to start a fortune. "And I would make this more emphatic," he continued.

"I would say to begin with the was tot in his very early, tender years. There is where the rudiments of all later developments are laid any way. 'Thus a child with impressions formed even before, say, eight or nine years has the tendency that later makes or unmakes him. So that, to my thinking, this teaching of useless waste at the very beginning is the first step toward founding a fortune."

"And the oft-heard expression of, 'He always was a spendthrift' is the result of the lack of this erstwhile training."

"THIN AS THE NEXT STEP, RIGHT ALONG THIS PROCESS OF DEVELOPMENT, AT THE AGE OF NINE, TEN OR ELEVEN YEARS I WOULD SUGGEST THE ACTUAL PRACTICE OF HANDLING MONEY."

"FOR INSTANCE, THE CHILD SHOULD PURCHASE HIS RAILROAD TICKET, SEE TO HAVING TRUNKS CHECKED, MAKE PURCHASES OF VARIOUS KINDS, QUITE ALONE, OF COURSE. MISTAKES WILL BE MADE, HE WILL OVER-PAY, MONEY MAY BE LOST IN THE PROCESS. HE MAY NOT BARGAIN RIGHTLY. BUT THIS PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE BEGUN EARLY WILL TEACH HIM THE VALUE OF THE DOLLAR MORE THAN ANY AMOUNT OF PREACHING OR CRIBS OF DOCTRINE."

"Do you think this can be done with any child?" I asked.

"Well, I would say the majority, at least," answered Mr. Conklin. "Children are wiser than we give them credit for. It does not take long for them to understand what they can do with a penny, for instance."

"In their little minds they will ponder how much they can get for that small copper they hold in their hand and weigh carefully the pro and con of it before they finally decide to hand it over."

"Parents make a mistake by not teaching the self-reliance attribute that puts backbone into the youngster to the great worth of his subsequent development. Most parents are prone to do many, many things for the child that he can not only do for himself, but should; and it is wrong not to have him do it."

"The fear that he will make a mistake keeps many a child from gaining the exact practice that he needs most of all to fit him for that which will later make him fit. Mistakes in the penny ages are more to be chosen than mistakes in the dollars later on."

"Then, do you think that a person, if not rightly trained in this matter of saving, cannot in later years acquire this attribute of saving a fortune?" I questioned.

"It is a very rare thing," answered Mr. Conklin. "For people who have not begun the saving process early to make great gain in later years. I recall one case of a woman who had the spending habit to a fault. She never thought about to-morrow. It never occurred to her to save anything."

"Strange to say, her husband was of the same calibre. When he died, and he had commanded a fairly good salary, there was not enough money to pay his funeral expenses."

"And yet it is no improbable circumstance to expect if say next summer

were we to have as hot a siege as this that some such trouble might not arise. So that verily no greater truth may be evolved than that of 'waste not, want not'."

"What suggestion would you have as to the marriage question in this process of saving?"

"This, of course," said Mr. Conklin, with a smile, "depends largely upon the individuals. Young men, as a rule, do not think much of great fortunes when the one woman comes within their aura. This is the general rule and they marry."

"BUT HE WHO WOULD ACHIEVE LARGELY IN THE ATTRIBUTES OF FORTUNE, MUST REALIZE THAT THOUGH HE AND SHE ARE MADE ONE HE MUST BUY TWO RAILROAD TICKETS."

"As a friend of mine jokingly said to me at the time I was married, 'Fifty cents for you!' In other words, no longer was the dollar mine. And this feeling permeates the entire marriage arrangement."

"FOR EXAMPLE, A MARRIED MAN CANNOT GRASP THE OPPORTUNITIES OR RISKS THAT HE WOULD SINGLE-HANDED. A DEAL MAY COME ALONG WHEREBY HE SEES, TENTATIVELY OF COURSE, WHERE A LITTLE WOULD MAKE MUCH, BUT HE CANNOT TRUST THAT LITTLE FOR THE OVERWHELMING FEAR OF LOSS AND CONSEQUENCES. THAT NOT ONLY HE ALONE MUST SUFFER, BUT SHE OF THE FIRST PART."

"So that a single man will say to himself, 'I alone can be the loser and I can get along,' and accordingly taking the chance, many times his expectations are realized."

"In this connection I think it is a crime for very poor people to marry. The hardships are enormous and it is with difficulty that they arise above certain conditions. Children are brought into the world and will share their burdens willy-nilly. Where, on the other hand, in the single state they are only responsible for themselves."

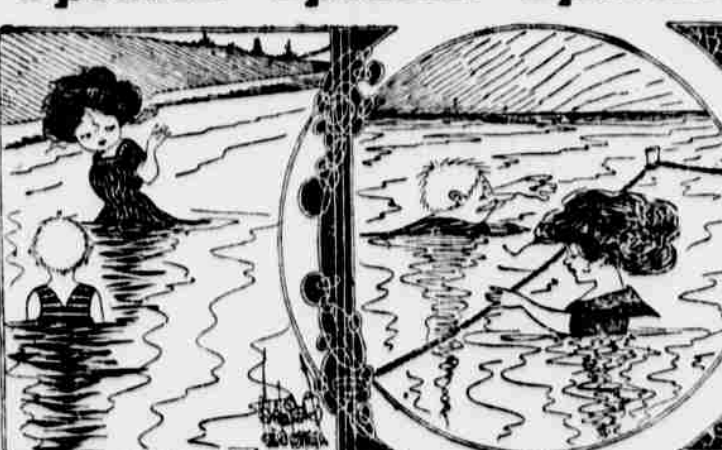
"Do you think women save better than men, Mr. Conklin?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Conklin, "in a way I do. That is to say that the girl with the right education along economic lines can save five times as much as many men."

"But, on the other hand, there are women who have no regard or understanding of money; and they can with ease spend as much as five men can make."

"But what I wish to clearly emphasize," continued Mr. Conklin, "is the fact that the biggest fortunes are founded when the child in the beginning is made to realize the value of the first penny."

Splash! Splash! Splash!



He—I hold the short distance swimming record.
 She—Well, you certainly can swim about as short a distance as any man I ever saw.
 He—I just received a ten-page letter from my wife.
 She—She must have had a lot to tell.
 He—Yes, she told me to be sure and in five.